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PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

In their Order of Publication.

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

And other Artists of Eminence.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS, MEMOIR, Etc.

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Who comes, alone, with soul of fire,
And in his hand the Border lyre?
He sweeps the strings, and in his strain
Old times and manners live again;
'Tis Scott! great Master of his art,
He fires, subdues, or storms the heart!
Rapt by the magic of his rhymes,
I seem to live in feudal times;
I hear the swelling bugle's call,
And see the warder on the wall;
And many a squire, and many a knight,
In mail and gloves of steel bedight,
Impatient for the fiery fight.

CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY.

The land was charm'd to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away,
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen,
In visor helm, and habergean.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR Wallace Bart.

To His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch
& Queensberry
The Hon.ble Lord Jerviswoode
and other Members of the Committee
appointed for arranging the
National Celebration at Edinburgh
of the
Centenary of the Birth
of Sir Walter Scott, Bar.t

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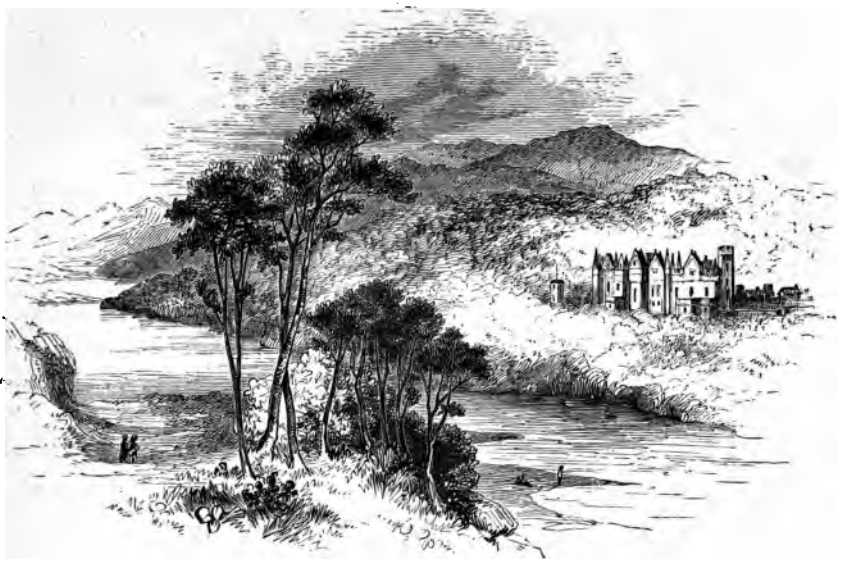

ABBOTSFORD.

PREFATORY NOTE,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE enthusiasm with which Scotsmen and others have hailed the proposal to celebrate in public demonstration the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth, has suggested the publication of this little work. The Memoir includes some interesting particulars omitted by preceding biographers; while a history of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh has been prepared from original materials. The illustrations are printed on stone by Messrs Schenck & M'Farlane, from steel plates by artists of eminence. The spirited etchings by Mr George Cruikshank will be especially welcomed by the numerous admirers of that distinguished artist. It has been the Editor's aim to produce a souvenir worthy of the occasion, and he is inclined to believe that his intentions have been in some measure realised.

CHARLES ROGERS.

Snowdoun Villa,
Lewisham, Kent,
June 1871.

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MEMOIR.

IN the 15th of August 1771, at Edinburgh, it is believed, SIR WALTER SCOTT was born, but his birth does not seem to have been entered in any Register. The *Scots Magazine* recorded only births in families of distinction, and Edinburgh newspapers had not yet begun to notify domestic changes. The Kirk-session Registers of the capital were indeed well kept, but parents who claimed for their children baptism in the Established Church were those only who systematically enrolled the names of their offspring in the Presbyterian Records. The father of the great novelist, Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, was a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, in which, doubtless, his children were baptized. He therefore ignored the Presbyterian registers; yet it is sufficiently singular that, albeit a man of business of good capacity, he was not careful to secure elsewhere a record of his children's births.

Sir Walter was born in a house which has long ago disappeared; it stood at the head of the College Wynd, and was removed to make room for the northern front of the University buildings. On his father's side he was descended from the Scotts of Harden, the elder branch of the great Border sept of that name. In his personal aspects he much resembled his paternal ancestry, his features being of the Saxon type, rugged, massive, heavy,—almost stolid. Through his paternal grandmother, he traced an old lineage in the Haliburtons of Newmains, a considerable family of Berwickshire landowners. Of the

Haliburtons he printed for family use a volume of "Memorials," and he rejoiced, through his descent from that sept, to possess a right of sepulture in Dryburgh Abbey. On his mother's side, his progenitors were likewise respectable; his maternal grandfather, Dr John Rutherford, was Professor of the Practice of Physic in Edinburgh University, and his mother's brother, Dr Daniel Rutherford, an eminent chemist, occupied the Chair of Botany. His mother possessed a vigorous intellect, which she had successfully cultivated. Of a family of twelve, six of whom survived infancy, Walter alone evinced the possession of genius. Born a healthy child, he became exposed to serious peril by being intrusted to a consumptive nurse. When under two years old, he was seized with an illness which impaired the use of his right limb, a misfortune which continued during his life. With the view of restoring his strength, he was placed with his paternal grandfather, Robert Scott, who rented the farm of Sandyknowe, near Smailholm Tower, Roxburghshire. At Sandyknowe, he narrowly escaped destruction through the violence of a servant who had become insane; but he had afterwards to congratulate himself on having formed an early acquaintance with rural scenes. No advantage arising to his lameness, he was, in his fourth year, removed to Bath, where he remained some time without experiencing benefit from the thermal waters. The three following years were chiefly spent at Sandyknowe. In his eighth year he returned to Edinburgh, with his mind largely stored with Border legends derived from his grandmother, a person of romantic humour and sprightly intelligence. At this period, Pope's translation of Homer, and the songs of Ramsay's "Evergreen," were his favourite studies; he took delight in reading aloud the more striking passages. In 1779 he was sent to the High School, where he had the advantage of being taught by Mr Luke Fraser, an able scholar, and Dr Adam, the erudite Rector. His scholastic progress was not equal to his talents; he was devoted to romance, and experienced greater pleasure in a country ramble, than in giving due attention to the business of the class-room. As he became older, his love of miscellaneous literature amounted to a passion; and as his memory was singularly retentive, he accumulated a store of knowledge.

On the completion of his High School attendances, he was sent to reside with relatives at Kelso; and in this interesting locality his early attachment to legendary lore experienced a revival. Returning to Edinburgh, he, in October 1783, entered the University. Here his progress was even less marked than it had been at school. Mr Dalzell, the Professor of Greek, spoke of his hopeless incapacity. The Professor survived to make reparation for prophesying so rashly.

The aspirations of the future poet turned to a military life; but his lameness interposed a barrier. At length he adopted a profession suitable to his physical capabilities; in his fourteenth year he entered into indentures with his father.

To confinement at the desk, irksome to one of his peculiar tastes, he was reconciled by the consideration that his fees enabled him to add to his library.

Rapid growth in a constitution which continued delicate till his fifteenth year, led to his bursting a blood-vessel. While precluded from active duty, being closely confined to his bed, and not allowed to exert himself by speaking, he was yet permitted to read, a privilege of which he largely availed himself. To complete his recovery, he was recommended exercise on horseback; and in obeying his physician, he gratified his own inclinations by visiting localities famous in history or tradition. When his health was restored, he engaged in the study of law, which he did seriously. After passing the requisite examinations, he was on the 10th July 1792, called to the Bar. At the age of twelve he had composed some verses for his preceptor, Dr Adam; but he seems in early life to have written little poetry, while his prose compositions lacked force of thought and ease of diction. As an advocate his manner was not very attractive, and both suitors and their agents had obtained the notion, not quite unfounded, that the young barrister was more inclined to literary than legal pursuits. Scott was not unconscious of the popular judgment, and began to dream of independence in other spheres. He thought of marriage. He courted unsuccessfully Miss Williamina Stuart, whose mother had been his own mother's early friend, and who was personally an heiress. She refused him, and with a heart stung by disappointment, and ready to seek relief on the first fitting opportunity, he at the rising of the Court in July 1797, joined a little party of friends in a tour to Cumberland. Not long after, a charming *brunette* at Gilsland Spa arrested his fancy and stole his affection. She was an attractive young Frenchwoman, a ward of Lord Downshire, and under the temporary protection of a respected English clergyman. After a short acquaintance Scott proposed and was accepted. He was married in St Mary's Church, Carlisle, on the 24th December 1797. With less haste he might have married more advantageously. As it was, he was now free from any apprehension about the means of living, for his wife, Charlotte Charpentier, possessed an annuity of £200. His own finances were materially increased in 1800, when he became Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300.

While in his father's office Scott had studied French and Italian, and made himself familiar with the writings of Tasso and Ariosto. Afterwards he obtained an acquaintance with German ballad poetry, through the translations of Mr Lewis. In 1796, he made his *début* as an author, by publishing translations of "Lenoré" and "The Wild Huntsman" of Bürger. The attempt was unsuccessful. A second time he essayed his skill as a translator, by publishing in 1799, an English version of Goëthe's "Goetz of Berlichingen." It was better received, but his fame was destined to rest on a more substantial basis than on the art of translation.

The ballads and songs of the south of Scotland, preserved among the peasantry,

had at an early period occupied his attention. He now made excursions to Liddesdale in quest of these interesting remains; and the fruits of his research, along with much curious information, he gave to the world in 1802, in two octavo volumes, entitled "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He afterwards added a third volume, consisting of imitations of ancient ballads, composed by himself and others. These volumes were issued from the printing press of his early friend, James Ballantyne of Kelso, who had already begun to indicate his skill as a typographer.

In 1804, he published from the Auchinleck Manuscript, the ancient metrical tale of "Sir Tristrem." In an introduction, he endeavoured to show that it was composed by Thomas of Ercildoune, better known as *the Rhymer*. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a ballad poem, appeared from his pen in 1805, and obtaining an extensive circulation, procured for him poetical fame and an immediate profit of £600.

Scott's prosperity rose with his reputation. In 1806 he was appointed a principal clerk in the Court of Session, an office which afterwards yielded him £1200 per annum. To literary work he henceforth dedicated the intervals of leisure. In 1808 he produced "Marmion," his second great poem, which brought him £1000, and materially increased his fame. During the same year he edited the works of Dryden, in eighteen volumes. In 1809 he edited the "State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," and became a contributor to the "Edinburgh Annual Register," conducted by Southey. "The Lady of the Lake," the most happily-conceived of his poetical works, appeared in 1810; "Don Roderick," in 1811; "Rokeby," in 1813; and "The Lord of the Isles," in 1814. "Harold the Dauntless," and "The Bridal of Triermain," appeared subsequently.

After the publication of "Marmion," Mr Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, partner in the publishing house of Constable & Co., a gentleman of superior culture, entreated the author to dedicate his talents to prose fiction, with the prediction that he would in this department attain an eminence unrivalled in literature.* Scott did not readily accept the proffered counsel; he dreaded that by sailing in unexplored waters he might make shipwreck of his poetical laurels. A prose tale which he had commenced in 1805, was on this account laid aside; and when it was again taken up and completed, and under the title of "Waverley" given to the world, it was without the author's name. This was in 1814, when Sir Walter was in his 43rd year. "Waverley" sold slowly at first, but after some favourable criticisms the demand steadily increased till twelve thousand copies were put into circulation. Having attained such an earnest of success as a writer of fiction, he chose in this department to maintain his original *incognito*,

* *See* Letter from Archibald Constable to Mr Hunter's son, David Hunter, Esq., now of Blackness, dated "Edinburgh, 26th March 1825: *Century of Scottish Life*, Edinb. 1871, pp. 82, 83." Mr A. G. Hunter of Blackness died on the 9th March 1812, aged forty-one. His remains were interred in the Greyfriars Churchyard.

abundantly content to rest his personal distinction on his celebrity as a poet. The author of "Waverley" accordingly soon passed into "The Great Unknown;" and the rapidity with which this mysterious character produced a succession of entertaining romances became one of the marvels of the age; while attempts to withdraw the curtain which concealed his individuality proved comparatively unavailing. Each year gave birth to one—often two—novels, of a class infinitely superior to the romances of the past age, and all having reference to the manners and customs of the most interesting and chivalrous periods of Scottish or British history. Subsequent to the publication of "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary," in 1815 and 1816, and as an expedient to sustain public interest, a series of novels was commenced, under the title of "Tales of my Landlord," these being professedly written by a different author; but this resort was afterwards abandoned. Every romance by the author of "Waverley" awakened renewed enthusiasm, and commanded a universal circulation throughout Britain and America. In 1814 Scott published an edition of Swift's works in nineteen octavo volumes. For some years after his marriage he occupied a cottage at Lasswade; in 1804 he removed to Ashestiel, a mansion situated on the banks of the Tweed, near Innerleithen, where for several years he continued to reside during the vacation of the Court. His ruling desire was, to acquire an ample demesne, and thus to realise in his own person, and by his representatives, somewhat of the territorial importance of those old barons, whose wassails and feuds he delighted to celebrate. To attain such a distinction he was prepared to incur many sacrifices; nor in comparison did he value the highest literary honours. In 1811 he purchased, on the south bank of the Tweed, near Melrose, the little farm of *Clarty Hole*, the first portion of that estate which under the name of Abbotsford has become indelibly associated with his name. The soil was wet and unpromising, but by a course of agricultural appliances the place began to display considerable amenities. The mansion, a curious amalgamation of different styles of Scottish manorial architecture, was partly built in 1811, and gradually extended with the increasing emoluments of the owner. By successive purchases the Abbotsford property was increased till the rental amounted to about £700 a year, a return not too great for an expenditure of at least £50,000.

At Abbotsford Scott maintained the character of a country gentleman. He was visited by distinguished persons from the sister kingdom, from the Continent, and from America, all of whom he elegantly entertained. Nor did his constant intercourse with his visitors interfere with the regular prosecution of his literary labours: he rose at six, and engaged in composition till breakfast, and afterwards till one o'clock. While in the country he devoted the rest of the day to exercise on horseback, the superintendence of improvements on his estate, and the entertainment of his guests. In March 1820, George IV., to

whom he was personally known, and who was a warm admirer of his genius, created him a baronet, the first titular honour which he bestowed after his accession. Besides the works enumerated, he had already given to the world his romances of "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "A Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe." The attainment of the baronetcy stimulated him to increased literary ardour. "Ivanhoe" appeared early in 1820, and during the same year he produced "The Monastery" and "The Abbot;" and in the beginning of 1821, the romance of "Kenilworth," being twelve volumes within twelve months. "The Pirate" and "The Fortunes of Nigel" appeared in 1822; "Peveril of the Peak" and "Quentin Durward" in 1823; "St Ronan's Well" and "Redgauntlet" in 1824; and the "Tales of the Crusaders" in 1825.

During the royal visit to Scotland in 1822, Sir Walter was, by general consent, constituted Master of Ceremonies, and the duties he discharged to the entire satisfaction of his sovereign and of the nation. But while prosperity seemed to smile upon him with increasing lustre, adversity hovered near. In 1826, Archibald Constable & Company, the publishers of his works, became insolvent, involving in their bankruptcy the printing firm of the Messrs Ballantyne, of which he was a partner. For the sum of £120,000, Sir Walter was found to be individually responsible. On a mind less securely balanced, the wrecked hopes of a lifetime would have produced irretrievable despondency; but Sir Walter bore his misfortune with magnanimous resignation. To both the establishments which had involved him in their fall, he had been largely indebted, and he felt bound in honour, not less than by legal obligation, fully to discharge his debt. An offer by the creditors to accept a composition he declined, and claiming only to be allowed time, applied himself to his undertaking, with the full determination, if his life was spared, to cancel every obligation. At the crisis of his embarrassments, he was engaged in the composition of "Woodstock," which soon afterwards appeared. The "Life of Napoleon," which had for a considerable time occupied his attention, was published in 1827, in nine octavo volumes. In the course of preparing it, he visited London and Paris in search of materials. In the same year he produced "Chronicles of the Canongate," first series; and in the year following, the second series of those charming tales, and the first portion of his "Tales of a Grandfather." A second portion of these latter tales appeared in 1829, and the third and concluding series in 1830, when he also contributed a "History of Scotland," in two volumes, to "Lardner's Cyclopedia." In 1829 likewise appeared "Anne of Geierstein," and in 1830 the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." In 1831 he produced a series of "Tales on French History," uniform with the "Tales of a Grandfather," and his novels "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous," as a fourth series

of "Tales of my Landlord." Other productions of less importance appeared from his pen: he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, during the first year of its existence; wrote the articles "Chivalry," "Romance," and "Drama," for the sixth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and during his latter years frequently contributed to the *Quarterly Review*.

At a public dinner in Edinburgh, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, on the 23d of February 1827, Sir Walter first publicly avowed himself author of the Waverley Novels—an announcement which scarcely took the public by surprise. His physical energies were now suffering a rapid decline, and in his increasing infirmities, and liability to sudden and severe attacks of pain, and even of unconsciousness, it became evident to his friends that in the praiseworthy effort to liquidate his obligations he was sacrificing his health. Those apprehensions proved not without foundation. In the autumn of 1831, his health became so lamentably broken, that his medical advisers recommended a residence in Italy, and entire cessation from mental labour, as the only means of restoring his energies. This counsel came too late; the patient proceeded to Naples, and afterwards to Rome, but experiencing no benefit from the change, he was rapidly conveyed home in the following summer, in obedience to his own express wish, that he might close his eyes at Abbotsford. The wish was gratified; he arrived at Abbotsford on the 11th of July 1832, and survived till the 21st of the ensuing September. As he had desired, his remains were interred in an aisle of Dryburgh Abbey, which had belonged to his ancestors, and had been specially granted him by the Earl of Buchan. A massive block of marble rests upon the grave, in juxtaposition with another which has been laid on that of Lady Scott, who died in May 1826.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was above six feet; but his form which had otherwise been commanding, was marred by the lameness of his right limb, which caused him considerably to limp, and ultimately to walk with difficulty. His countenance, so correctly represented in his portraits and busts, was remarkable for depth of forehead; his features have been described. His eyes, covered with thick eyelashes, were dull, unless animated by congenial conversation. He was of a fair complexion; and his hair, originally sandy, became grey after a severe illness which he suffered in his forty-eighth year. His conversation abounded in anecdotes of the old times. His memory treasured up accurately, and could readily recall, all that he had read. In fertility of invention he surpassed all his contemporaries. As a poet, if he does not possess the graceful elegance of Campbell and the fervid energy of Byron, he excels the latter in purity of sentiment, and the former in vigour of conception. His style was well adapted for the composition of lyric poetry; but as he had no ear for music, his songs are few. Several of them have been set to music, and are frequently sung. But Sir Walter's skill as a poet, great as it is, has been eclipsed by his power as a writer of fiction; the *Waverley* Novels will be forgotten only

when the English language is disused. A cabinet edition of his novels, illustrated with elegant engravings, appeared in forty-eight volumes shortly before his decease. Numerous editions were issued by Mr Cadell; and Messrs Adam and Charles Black, the present possessors of the copyright, have distinguished themselves not only by producing several elegant library editions, but by placing within reach of the humblest artisan those instructive, interesting, and admirable works. From a gentleman, who was many years manager of Mr Cadell's publishing house, we have received some details respecting the production of Sir Walter's publications, which seem worthy of being recorded. Down to October 1856 there had, writes our informant, been printed of his Works and Life, 7,967,369 volumes, in which had been used 99,592 reams of paper, weighing 1245 tons. Mr Cadell's "People's Editions" exhausted 227,631 reams, or 2848 tons. The gross weight of paper in Mr Cadell's original and cheap editions amounted to 4093 tons. The sheets of paper used in the entire works were 106,542,438, which, laid side by side, would cover 3363 square miles.

Sir Walter Scott lived at a period when indifference to religion among men of letters, even in Scotland, was by no means uncommon, and many of his contemporaries were, it is to be feared, most imperfectly influenced with proper views of Christian obligation. With sentiments of indifference on a theme so important, Sir Walter had no sympathy. While contemning sectarian exclusiveness, and abhorring superstition, he was zealous in maintaining sound Scriptural doctrine, and he discouraged the utterance of every sentiment which savoured of profanity or bordered on scepticism. His "Religious Discourses," published anonymously, indicate deep moral earnestness, while his hymn on the "Day of Judgment" attests the sincerity of his devotion.

Desirous that these brief memorials might contain some additional testimony to the religious earnestness of one who occupies so prominent a place in national and literary history, we requested our venerated friend Dean Ramsay to state his impressions of Sir Walter's personal bearing during his residence at Abbotsford after Lady Scott's death, and before her funeral. To our request the Dean, with his usual courtesy, acceded. He writes thus:

"You ask me the impression left on my mind by my visit to Abbotsford on the occasion of Lady Scott's death. It is indeed a very easy and a very pleasing office to give you that impression. I could not but feel all the time I was there that our great Sir Walter was as much to be loved for the qualities of his heart as he had been admired for the high gifts of his intellect and his genius. He displayed throughout the whole time the subdued and calm spirit of a Christian mourner. There was manifest an entire acquiescence in the wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father, who had bereaved him of the wife and companion of his early years. His kind, gentle manner to his domestics; his devoted attention to his

daughter, who was in deep distress; his serious appearance during the funeral service; his own proposal in the evening to have domestic worship, and his devotional manner at the time, have left a deep and pleasing impression on my mind—the impression that I had witnessed so much gentleness and so much right feeling, which, I could not but perceive, were the genuine emotions of his heart. Sir Walter Scott was one of the good and the great of his race and country."

During his last illness, Sir Walter desired portions of the New Testament and of the Church Service to be frequently read to him, and when free of pain he repeated portions of the Scottish version of the Psalms and of evangelical hymns. To Mr Lockhart, his son-in-law, he said: "Be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man! Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." These were among his last words.

For sterling integrity, Sir Walter Scott requires no eulogy from his biographer. To the effort to cancel his pecuniary obligations he fell a martyr; while to his survivors it was a source of satisfaction to know that, by his extraordinary exertions, the policy of life insurance payable at his death, and the sum of £30,000 given by Mr Cadell for copyrights, his debt was fully discharged.

The object of his original ambition, Sir Walter did not attain: no family of his descent and name has been planted at Abbotsford to point to him as their founder. His children, two sons and two daughters, died young. His eldest daughter, Sophia, married to Mr Lockhart, gave birth to several children, all of whom are dead. Her only daughter married Mr James Hope, Q.C., who has added to his patronymic the name of Scott, and made Abbotsford his autumnal residence. Mrs Hope Scott died at Edinburgh on the 26th October 1858, leaving three children. One child, a daughter, Mary Monica, survives, Sir Walter's only living descendant.

But Sir Walter has obtained posthumous honours far exceeding those of establishing a landed family in Tweedside. His name is imperishable in his works—of which the popularity is steadily on the increase. Nor have his fellow-countrymen lacked in evincing their vigorous appreciation. Besides several local memorials of respectable construction, the most graceful monument ever raised by human instrumentality, has been dedicated to his memory.

An account of that monument will form no inappropriate sequel to the present narrative. On the 24th day of September 1832, being the third day after Sir Walter's death, a circular letter was issued convening a meeting at the Rooms of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to consider the best means of honouring his memory. At this meeting a committee was appointed to arrange a convocation of the citizens. This took place on the 5th of October, under the presidency of the Lord Provost, when a resolution in favour of a national monument to Sir Walter, was moved by the Duke of Buccleuch, and seconded by Lord Rosebery. Sir John Forbes, Bart., announced that the Bank of Scotland and other banks

in Edinburgh, Sir Walter's creditors, would subscribe £500, in token of their appreciation of the honourable feelings which induced the deceased Baronet to dedicate his talents in insuring the full payment of his debts. Differences arose as to the character of the monument. By a London Committee, of which the Bishop of Exeter and Sir Robert Peel were conspicuous members, nearly £10,000 were collected. A portion of this sum was embezzled by a young person unhappily intrusted with the secretaryship. The balance, amounting to nearly £8000, was employed in liquidating the debt on the library and museum at Abbotsford. At Glasgow the subscriptions amounted to about £1200, and a handsome Corinthian column, surmounted with a statue, has been erected in the chief square of that city, which is likewise adorned with elegant monuments to royal personages and national celebrities.

In the market-place at Selkirk, a statue in freestone, by Handyside Ritchie, commemorates Sir Walter in his capacity of Sheriff of "The Forest."

In November 1833, the Edinburgh committee had collected £5534, a sum sufficient to insure the construction of a substantial cenotaph. The question of a site arose next. Among those suggested were the space in the Lawn Market, bounded on the east by St Giles' Church; the west end of Princes Street opposite to St John's Church; the foot of St David Street near Queen Street Gardens; the open space at Picardy Place; the rocky angle at the north-east corner of the Calton Hill; Charlotte Square, Moray Place, and Randolph Crescent. The committee suspended their decision, and in thirty-two newspapers advertised for designs. These were lodged with the secretary on the 1st September 1836. Fifty-five were offered. For each of the three best the committee adjudged prizes of fifty guineas. One of these bore the signature "John Morvo," the name of a master mason, commemorated in the abbey of Melrose. It was assumed by George Meikle Kemp, then a working joiner. Kemp had studied the peculiarities of Gothic architecture in different parts of the kingdom, and latterly added to his emoluments by architectural sketching.

The committee, not quite satisfied with any of the designs received, advertised a second time. Among those who joined in the new competition were Sir William Allan, David Roberts, R.A., and William H. Playfair, the well-known architect. Kemp lodged his former design, considerably amended. It was adopted by the committee, on a majority of twenty-one to ten, in April 1838. At the same time Mr John Steell, the distinguished sculptor, was commissioned to prepare a marble statue of Sir Walter, to be placed under the canopy of the structure. The site was fixed in Princes Street, opposite to South St David Street. The architect had designed the monument to reach the height of 180 feet, but the committee's funds did not justify their proceeding on so large a scale. In May 1840 an auxiliary committee undertook to procure the balance.

An Act of Parliament securing the site having been obtained, the foundation stone was, on the 15th August 1840, laid by Sir James Forrest of Comiston, Bart., Lord Provost of the city, and Grand Master Mason. A metallic plate deposited in the foundation stone bore the following inscription, composed by Lord Jeffrey: "This graven plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the 15th day of August 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society, than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakspeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten. He was born at Edinburgh, 15th August 1771, and died at Abbotsford 21st September 1832."

The monument was, at the cost of upwards of £1500, founded on the solid rock, fifty-two feet under the level of Princes Street. It assumes the form of a Gothic spire, and may be thus described. From each corner of a raised platform of masonry rise elegantly clustered columns, from which spring four grand Early English arches, which converge into a vaulted roof crossing each other by ribbed groinings with beautifully-carved bosses, and terminating in a richly ornamented pendant or drop centre. The arches are successively supported by projecting buttresses also arched upon clustered columns, and after ascending to the first gallery spring into the open air to the height of ninety-eight feet, and terminate in pinnacles carved with crockets and crowned with richly ornamented finials. The connecting buttresses are decorated with large niches adorned with brackets and canopies, and each of the abutment towers at the height of the first gallery has two chaste and tastefully-wrought gargoyles in the form of grotesque griffins. The pilasters which separate the different clustered pillars that support the roof of the structure, are crowned with finely-ornamented capitals, containing likenesses of sixteen Scottish poets.

The lateral towers are connected with the central one by means of flying buttresses, and with spandrils and crockets. The four principal arches and buttresses sustain an open trellis, which extends round the building in front of the first gallery. On a level with this gallery is an apartment used as a Waverley Museum. From the gallery rises the principal tower. On each side is an arched window. A flying staircase leads to the third gallery. Around are towers, buttresses, pinnacles, arches, crockets, corbels and finials—in all the rich profusion of Gothic architecture. On reaching the fourth gallery the view is grand in the extreme. At each successive stage are elegantly-sculptured niches, intended for

statues illustrative of the poet's works. The height of the Monument (increased beyond the original design) is two hundred feet six inches above the level of Princes Street. It is ascended by 289 steps.

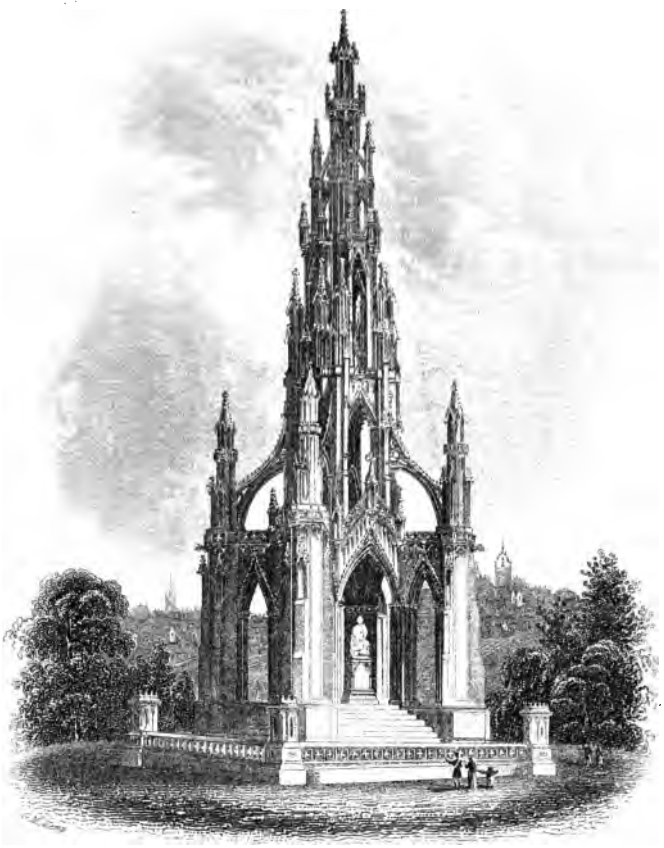
The monumental statue under the canopy represents Sir Walter in a sitting attitude, with the ample folds of a Scottish plaid hanging loosely about him, and his favourite hound Maida at his feet. Mr Steell has seized the moment when the great novelist has just recorded some of his imperishable thoughts in the volume which is in his hand, and he has communicated to the features a look of complete abstraction, while the dog, as if startled by the closing of the book, is in the act of lifting up its head to catch the expression of its master's countenance. The statue was inaugurated in 1846. The block of marble from which it was chiselled, contained 200 cubic feet, and weighed upwards of 25 tons. The monument is constructed of sandstone from Binny Quarry. The funds raised by the original and auxiliary committees amounted to £17,243, 4s. The sum of £1871, 12s. 8d., was expended in procuring subscriptions. For the statue, Mr Steell received £2000—eight small statues cost £179, 5s. 10d. a sum of £460, 3s. 5d. was lost by a contractor, and a railing was constructed at the expense of £147, 13s. 6d. The balance, amounting to £13,584, 8s. 6d., was expended in the monumental fabric.

Persevering as were their labours, the auxiliary committee were unable to procure funds sufficient to provide statues for all the niches. Thirty niches are still unoccupied, but Mr James Ballantyne, the esteemed Scottish poet, is now exerting himself to complete the work. The sum of £2000, Mr Ballantyne believes, will suffice to provide the remaining statues.

On the memory of Sir Walter Scott is to be conferred a new honour. There is to be a centenary celebration of his birth. All classes, including the most illustrious, have resolved, on the hundredth anniversary of his natal day, to testify their hearty appreciation. His praise will be celebrated in every town—descanted on in every hamlet. His poetry will be rehearsed in scenes which his poetical descriptions have rendered famous; and in every spot celebrated by his pen, flying banners and an assembled population will testify to the potency of his enchantment. The keenest trader will for a time sacrifice before the shrine of genius; abandoning his counting-house and his ledger to do reverence to the memory of one whose writings have cheered his home circle, and amidst corroding cares awakened within him pleasurable emotions.

Nor may the ordinary caviller begrudge the tribute. Of these centenary honours three Britons only have been deemed worthy; Shakspeare, Burns, and Walter Scott. All these have exalted and purified human nature, and, by the force and splendour of their genius, fitted mankind more fully to appreciate and enjoy the forthgivings of a higher and nobler inspiration.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT

PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH

THE CENTENARY GARLAND.

WAVERLEY.

IN the romance of "Waverley," the gifted author depicts the manners of Scottish Highlanders at the period of the '45. The tale was sketched out, and one-third written in 1805. Laid aside till 1811, it was then resumed; it appeared anonymously in 1814. For the copyright, Constable tendered £700, but the offer was declined on the ground that the sum was too much should the novel prove a failure, and too little if it were successful. The success exceeded the utmost expectations both of the author and the publishers.

In MACMURROUGH'S CHANT, Mr Daniel Maclise, R.A., represents a scene in the twentieth chapter. Waverley is entertained at Glennaquoich by Fergus MacIvor in the hall of his ancestor, *Ian-nan-Chaistel*, "John of the Tower." The hall occupied all the first storey of the original erection, and a huge oak table extended through its whole length. The company was numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table sat the chief himself, with Waverley, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring tribes; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, who occupied portions of his estate, as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order; and lowest of all, the tenants. . . . . Beyond this long perspective, upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, might be seen a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer and the

MAC-MURROUGH'S CHANT.

"LADY WAVERLEY! TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!"

cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round the extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars young and old.

The banquet was approaching its close, when the chief signalled the piper to cease, and then exclaimed, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that MacMurrough cannot find it?" The *bhairdh* took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase: he had at first spoken with eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around, as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention; and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. The poet's ardour communicated itself to the audience; their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent towards the reciter, many sprang up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands upon their swords.

In the accompanying etching, Mr George Cruikshank represents the droll scene where Mr Duncan Macwheeble is informed by Waverley of his present fortune and future expectations, and of his intention to share all with Miss Rose Bradwardine. Waverley had found the Bailie (Macwheeble) in his office, and before him a large bicker of oatmeal porridge, with a horn spoon and a bottle of twopenny, "while a pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy which stood by, intimated that this honest limb of the law had taken his morning already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive." At the instant Waverley revealed the secret of his attachment to Miss Rose, he almost deprived the Bailie of his senses. He started from his three-footed stool, like the pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of his career; chucked his cap to the ceiling, and caught it as it fell; whistled "Tullochgorum," danced a Highland fling with inimitable grace and agility, and then threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, exclaiming, "Lady Wauverley!—Ten thousand a-year, the least penny! —Lord preserve my poor understanding!"

GUY MANNERING.

GUY MANNERING, the second novel of the author of "Waverley," was composed during six weeks preceding Christmas 1814. It appeared in the following February in three small volumes, at the price of one guinea. The edition, consisting of 2000 copies, was sold the day after publication, and within three months, 5000 copies were circulated. The novel was founded on a tale which Scott had received from an old Highlander, a servant of his father, who related how that a grave and elderly person being benighted while travelling in Galloway, had experienced the hospitality of a country laird whose wife was on the eve of her confinement. The stranger being informed of the exact minute of the birth, made, by astrological signs, a remarkable augury respecting the fortunes of the young stranger. Though based on the supernatural, "Guy Mannering" embraces an interesting portraiture of Scottish life during the early portion of the eighteenth century. One of the more conspicuous characters is Dandie Dinmont, of Charlie's Hope, with his breed of terriers, Auld Pepper, Auld Mustard, Young Pepper, Young Mustard, Little Pepper, Little Mustard, and the others. From the fireside of the little inn of Mumps Ha', Dandie carried away some uncomfortable surmises. These were not removed by the several tall figures that appeared advancing towards him. He advised Brown (Harry Bertram) not to wait for their arrival, but to jump behind him on Dumple's back, and deprecated any declinature under the circumstances. "Dumple could carry six folk," said Dandie, "if his back were long enough; but, God's sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for." Brown was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men, with whom the other villains seemed to join company, coming across the moss towards them, should abridge ceremony. He therefore mounted Dumple, *en croup*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to

THE WASTE OF CUMBERLAND.

GUY MANNERING.

PRO-DI-GI-OUS!

whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing with much dexterity to choose the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the Galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner by which they could be most safely crossed. The scene of this adventure is graphically delineated in the engraving.

In his present etching, Mr George Cruikshank is eminently characteristic. Dominie Sampson, as entreated by Mrs Bertram, had undertaken the task of watching little Harry in his rambles. The worthy Dominie was devoted to his charge, and was delighted with his success in having brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. He dreaded the idea of the child being seized by gipsies; and though the occupation essentially differed from his former mode of life, he stalked about with young Harry, who, being only of five years, was constantly rambling into awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie pursued by a cross-grained cow, and at another time he plunged into a brook in crossing it at the stepping-stones. At length he fell into the peril depicted by the artist. In seeking to pluck a water-lily for the young laird he fell into the slough of Lochend, in which he was bogged up to the middle. In his plight he exclaimed as usual "Pro-di-gi-ous!" amidst the laughter of the village matrons, one of whom offered her hand to help him out. Another declared that "the laird might as weel trust the care of his bairn to a potato-bogle."

THE ANTIQUARY.

THE ANTIQUARY appeared in May 1816: it was commenced a little before the close of the previous year. By the author it was regarded as less interesting than its predecessors, but the public showed appreciation by purchasing 6000 copies within six days of its publication. Like the two former novels, it is a representation of various scenes and phases of Scottish Life as contemplated by the author himself. In our first engraving, Mr Oldbuck is on a visit at Elspeth's hut to inquire into mysteries connected with the house of Glenallan, mysteries in which she had been initiated, and crimes to which she had been accessory. He is accompanied by his nephew and Edie Ochiltree, the latter having on one occasion been dispatched by Elspeth with a message to Lord Glenallan. "No, wretched Beldam," exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, "they drank the poison that you and your wretched mistress prepared for them." "Ha, ha!" she replied, "I aye thought it would come to this; it's but sitting silent when they examine,—there's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them rend me. It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats." "Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary, "she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily." "We shall mak naething mair out o' her," said Ochiltree; "when she has clinkit herself down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we came in. However, I'll try her once more to satisfy your honour. So you canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?" "Removed!" she exclaimed, for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her, "then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle: tell them to let Lord Geraldin know we're on before them. Bring my hood and scarf; ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my hair in this fashion?" She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad,

OLDBUCK AT ELSPETH'S HUT.

THE ANTIQUARY.

Mrs HEUKBANE & Mrs SHORTCAKE.

then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner—"Call Miss Neville; what do you mean by Lady Geraldine? I said Eveline Neville—not Lady Geraldine—there's no Lady Geraldine; tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look so pale. Teresa—Teresa, my lady calls us! Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a yule midnight. We are coming, my lady!" With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor. Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms before he said, "It's a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word."

Mr Cruikshank has portrayed with his wonted humour the amusing scene at the Post-Office, in which Mrs Heukbane and Mrs Shortcake are examining, with eager countenances, the love-letter of Richard Taffrail to Jenny Caxon. They threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager, and scarcely less malignant. Mrs Heukbane was a tall woman; she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation. "It's frae him sure enough," said the butcher's lady; "I can read Richard Taffrail on the corner; and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end.' "Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required; "haud it lower down; div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but your-sel'?" "Whisht, whisht," said Mrs Mail-letter, "there's somebody in the shop."

ROB ROY.

THE romance of "Rob Roy" was composed in 1817, and published in January of the following year. An edition of 10,000 disappeared in two weeks, when a second impression was printed. Rob Roy and his wife, Bailie Nicol Jarvie and his housekeeper, Die Vernon and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, were all favourite characters; and the novel essentially sustained the reputation of the "unknown" author. In the accompanying engraving, Mr Melville has represented the lower section of Loch Lomond, the Queen of Scottish lakes. On the right is presented the massive shoulder of Ben Lomond, which raises its lofty head 3192 feet above the ocean's level, while on the left extend the craggy forms of the Arrochar mountains. With the promise of mutual aid and good will, Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Frank Osbaldistone have parted with the Macgregor, and in their skiff bear away from the shore towards the south western angle of the lake, where it gives birth to the Leven. Rob Roy remained for some time standing on the rock, from beneath which they had departed, conspicuous by his long gun, waving tartans, and the single plume in his cap, which, in those days, denoted the Highland gentleman and soldier, though the present military taste has decorated the Highland bonnet with a quantity of black plumage, resembling that which is borne before funerals.

To every reader of "Rob Roy," the scene in Jeanie MacAlpine's public-house, sketched by Mr Cruikshank, is abundantly familiar. Let the scene be illustrated in the novelist's own words: "I (Frank Osbaldistone) put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle: as he saw the gigantic Highlander about to confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabble*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by

ROB ROY.

LOCH LOMOND.

Geo. Cruikshank.

FRAY AT JEANIE MAC-ALPINES.

rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot coulter of a plough, which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandishing it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance, till he could get it extinguished. Andrew Fairservice, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, vanished at the very commencement of the fray; but his antagonist, crying 'fair-play,' seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle.' Osbaldistone's aim was to possess himself of his antagonist's weapon, but he declined from closing with him through fear of a dirk which he held in his left hand. The Bailie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passion, were rapidly exhausting his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeping Highlander, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, "Her nainsell has eaten the town bread at the cross o' Glasgow; and by her troth, she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the clachan of Aberfoil."

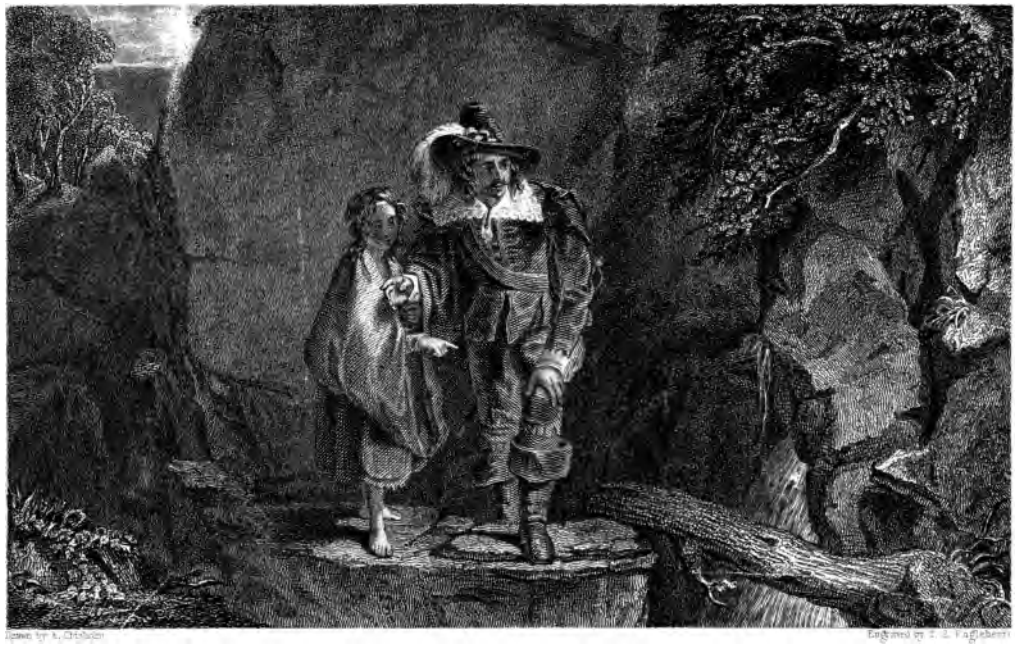
OLD MORTALITY.

OLD MORTALITY commenced a series of novels which Scott entitled "Tales of my Landlord." The title was a *sobriquet* given to Robert Paterson, an eccentric native of Dumfriesshire, who, during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, repaired without recompence the tombstones of the Covenanters in the southern counties; but the novel treats of Scottish manners during the period when those commemorated by Old Mortality were alive. It was published in December 1816, and within six weeks two editions, each of two thousand, disappeared.

In the sketch of the "Black Linn of Linklater," the artist has caught the moment when Morton looked round him, and the girl, his companion, pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting rock beyond it, indicated that there lay his farther passage. "He gazed at her with surprise, for although he well knew that the persecuted Presbyterians had sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts, in spots the most extraordinary and secluded, yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence. . . . . He began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzling, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall. Fixing his eye on a stationary object on the other side he resolved to attempt the passage. . . . ." The inhabitant of this secluded retreat was Balfour of Burley, with whom he was desirous of renewing an acquaintance, which had been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge.

The scene of "Cuddie's leave-taking" has formed an appropriate subject for the pencil of Mr Cruikshank. "Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended, perhaps, to be a sigh, but rather resembling a groan. "Ye'll think of puir Cuddie some-

OLD MORTALITY.



THE BLACK LINN OF LINKLATER.

OLD MORTALITY.

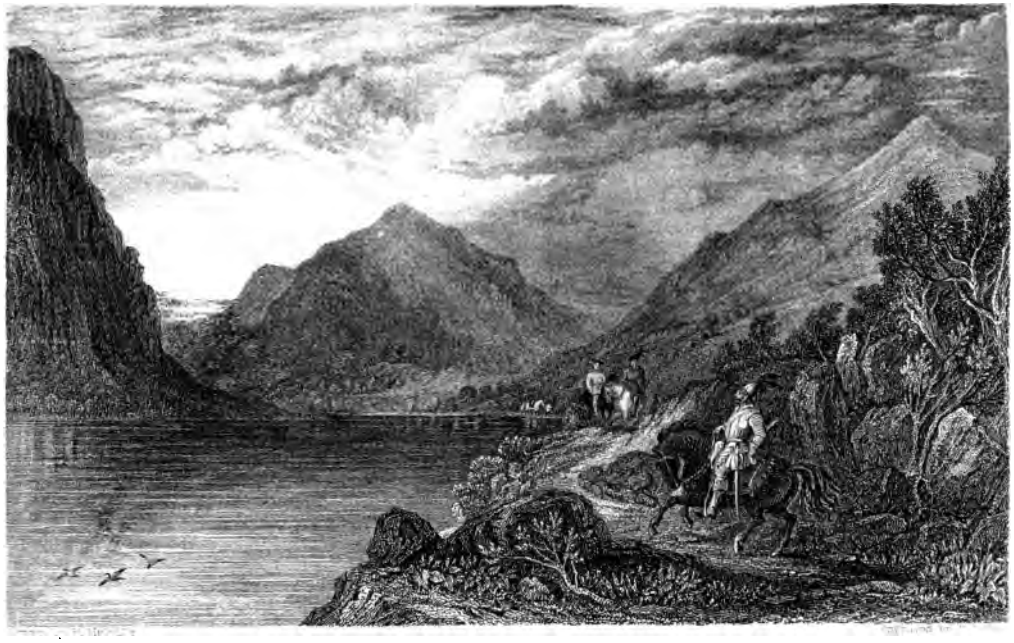
"WHILES-AT BROSE TIME."

times; an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny! Ye'll think o' him now and then?" "Whiles—at brose time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the arch smile that attended it. Cuddie took his revenge, as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected, caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master. "Deil's in the fallow," said Jenny, wiping her lips, and adjusting her head-dress, "he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'!—Coming, my leddy, coming. Lord have a care o' us! I trust the auld leddy didna see us!" "Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party, the same who was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem, on the morning Claverhouse came there?" Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Being unable to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct, and expressed herself fictitiously.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

THIS novel, one of the series of the "Tales of my Landlord," was produced while the author was suffering from severe illness; and it was passed through the press without his revision. It was, however, well received by the public, and rapidly obtained a wide circulation. It is chiefly founded on the melancholy fate of John, Lord Kilpont, eldest son of William, Earl of Airth and Menteith, and the remarkable circumstances which attended the birth and career of Stewart of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand he fell.

In the accompanying sketch, the artist has represented the meeting of Lord Menteith and Dugald Dalgetty in the Pass of Leny, a picturesque defile in Perthshire, of which the scenery is depicted in the "Lady of the Lake." "The Pass" is approached from the low country by a road winding round the base of Benledi. At a sudden bend of the road is disclosed Loch Lubnaig, the source of the river which flows rapidly on the left. In the background rises the massive summit of Benmore, overtopping the heights of Balquhidder. Lord Menteith, accompanied by his two servants, one leading a sumpter horse, had just wound round the projecting mountain, which skirts the lake's northern shore, when he remarked a single horseman coming down the shore as if to meet him. The stranger was mounted on a powerful horse, and his rider occupied his war-saddle with an air which showed it was his familiar seat. He wore a bright burnished head-piece with a plume of feathers, together with a cuirass, thick enough to resist a musket-ball. These defensive arms he wore over a buff-jerkin, along with a pair of gauntlets, the tops of which reached to his elbows. At the front of his saddle hung a case of pistols, nearly two feet in length, and carrying bullets of twenty to the pound. A buff belt, with a broad silver buckle, sustained on one side a long, straight, double-edged sword, with a strong guard, and calculated either to strike or push. On the right side hung a dagger of

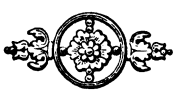


THE PASS OF LENY.

CAPTAIN DALGETTY AT ARDENVOHR.

about eighteen inches in length; a shoulder-belt sustained at his back a musketoon, and was crossed by a bandalier containing his charges of ammunition. Thigh-pieces of steel called taslets, met the top of his jack-boots, and completed the equipage of Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket.

Mr Cruikshank represents Captain Dalgetty's landing at Ardenvohr. The boatman, seizing the Captain with rough civility, horsed him on the back of a sturdy Highlander, and wading through the surf with him, landed him on the beach under the Castle Rock. In the face of the rock appeared the entrance of a low-browed cavern, toward which his attendants were hurrying him, when Dalgetty, shaking himself from their grasp, insisted upon seeing Gustavus, his horse, safely landed, before he proceeded a step further. The Highlander could not comprehend what he meant, until one who had picked up a little English, exclaimed, "Hout! it's a' about her horse, ta useless baste." Farther remonstrance on the part of Dalgetty was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Duncan Campbell himself, from the mouth of the cavern, for the purpose of inviting Captain Dalgetty to accept of the hospitality of Ardenvohr, pledging his honour, at the same time, that Gustavus should be treated as became the hero from whom he derived his name, not to mention the important person to whom he now belonged. Notwithstanding this very satisfactory guarantee, Captain Dalgetty would still have hesitated, had not two Highlanders seized him by the arms, two more pushed him on behind, while a fifth exclaimed, "Hout! awa' wi' the daft Sassenach! does she no hear the Laird bidding her up to her ain castle, wi' her especial voice; and isna' that very mickle honour for the like o' her?"



THE BLACK DWARF.

THE tale of the "Black Dwarf" appeared in 1819. One of the "Tales of My Landlord" series, it was founded on the character and peculiarities of David Ritchie, a misshapen creature, popularly known as *Bow'd Davie*, who lived on a wild moorland near Peebles, and who, from his deformed aspects and uncouth manners, was an object of superstitious dread in the locality. Mr Turner, the celebrated artist, has, in the accompanying illustration, strikingly delineated a familiar scene in the novel. As Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliott were crossing the common, the latter was interrupted in certain protestations of heroism which he was uttering, by the outline of a form seemingly human, but under the ordinary size, moving among the grey stones which formed the buttress of the granite column which they were approaching. The figure was descried by aid of the moon, which, struggling with the clouds, shed a doubtful light upon the scene. From time to time came a sort of indistinct muttering sound. The entire spectacle so much resembled his idea of an apparition, that Hobbie, making a dead pause, while his hair stood on end, whispered to his companion, "It's Auld Ailie hersel'! shall I gi'e her a shot?" "For Heaven's sake, no," said Earnscliff, holding down the weapon, which he was about to raise to the aim; "for Heaven's sake, no; it's some poor distracted creature."

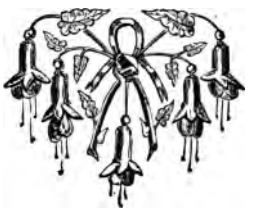
In his etching Mr George Cruikshank has effectively represented the strange interview between Hobbie Elliott and the Dwarf. It is described by the novelist. "The Dwarf turned his rage on the young farmer, and by a sudden effort, far more powerful than Hobbie expected from such a person, freed his wrist from his grasp, and offered the dagger at his heart. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the incensed recluse might have completed his vengeance by plunging the weapon in Elliott's bosom, had he not been checked by an internal

THE BLACK DWARF.

"IT'S AULD AILIE HERSELL."

NOT AGAIN. – NOT AGAIN.

impulse, which made him hurl the knife at a distance. 'No,' he exclaimed, as he voluntarily deprived himself of the means of gratifying his rage; 'not again—not again!' Hobbie retreated a step or two in great surprise, discomposure, and disdain, at having been placed in such danger by an object apparently so contemptible, exclaiming, 'The deil's in the body, for strength and bitterness!'"



THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN, one of the most popular of the Waverley novels, appeared in June 1818. It is founded on the well-known incident of Helen Walker, a woman in humble life, who refused to save her sister's life when it rested upon her oath, but who, after her sister's condemnation, undertook a foot journey to London, where, from the Duke of Argyll, she procured a pardon and returned with it, again on foot, in time to stay the execution.

The accompanying illustration represents the death of Captain Porteous, a leading event in the novel. The scene depicted is the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. The opening to the right is the Cowgate, near which Porteous was hanged. Beyond is Edinburgh Castle, occupying the summit of the lofty rock which rises precipitously above the houses of the Old Town. The mob having ascertained that the sentence of death passed upon Captain Porteous would not be carried out, resolved to become his executioners themselves; and bursting the prison doors, seized on the unfortunate officer, whom they hurried to the place of execution. While a gibbet was being prepared, Butler, the clergyman who had been pressed into the service of the mob, endeavoured to dissuade them from their desperate design. Porteous protested that what he had done fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of his duty; but the enraged multitude were determined on his destruction. Separated from the unhappy victim by the press, Butler hastened from the spot, and casting back a terrified glance, discovered a figure struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could observe men striking at it with their axes.

Our other illustration is of a humorous character. Mr Cruikshank represents the visit of the Laird of Dumbiedykes to Jeanie Deans. When a change of residence, from Woodend to St Leonard's Crags, was resolved upon, Jeanie concluded that she would be released from

THE GRASS MARKET.- DEATH OF PORTEOUS.

'EH! JEANIE WOMAN.'

the visits of Dumbiedykes, but in this expectation she was disappointed; for, on the sixth day after her arrival, the laird appeared at St Leonard's, laced hat, tobacco pipe, and all, and, with the self-same greeting of "How is a' wi' you, Jeanie?" assuming nearly the same position as at Woodend. With an unusual exertion of the powers of conversation, he added, "Jeanie—I say—Jeanie, woman!" at the same time extending his hand towards her shoulder, with all the fingers spread out as if to clutch it, but in so awkward a manner, that when she whisked beyond its reach, the paw remained suspended in the air with the palm open, like the claw of a heraldic griffin. "Jeanie," continued the swain, in this moment of inspiration, "I say, Jeanie, it's a braw day out-by, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose." "The deil's in that driv'ling body," muttered Jeanie, "wha wad hae thought o' his daunerin' out this length?" for the landed proprietor looked so unco gleg and canty, that she didna ken what he might be coming out wi' next.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, one of the products of 1819, is founded on a remarkable narrative, connected with the marriage of Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, who, without the parental knowledge, engaged herself to the Lord Rutherford, but who subsequently consented to abandon her noble lover, and accept the hand of David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, whose suit was supported by her parents. On the 24th August 1669, shortly after the nuptial ceremony, the bridegroom was found in the bridal chamber lying across the threshold, frightfully wounded and streaming with blood. On a search, the bride was discovered in the chimney-corner, dabbled in gore, and moping as an idiot; she survived only two weeks. The bridegroom, who recovered from his wounds, refused to answer any questions in relation to the tragedy; he was killed by a fall from his horse in March 1682.*

The accompanying illustration represents Fast Castle, the original of Wolf's Crag, of which the proprietors, the Logans and Humes, were conspicuous in Scottish history. Margaret of England, on her way to join her husband, James IV, at Edinburgh, lodged a night in the castle. "Yonder is Wolf's Crag," said Ravenswood, "and whatever it still contains is at your service, Bucklaw." The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliff, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyrie. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and

* The marriage contract of the Bride of Lammermoor has lately been discovered at St Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. His lordship is the representative of the family of Dunbar of Baldoon, and has the family papers in his possession. In arranging these he came upon the contract. The four signatures are, David Dunbar the bridegroom, Janet Dalrymple the bride, James Dalrymple, and Baldoon, father of the bridegroom. James Dalrymple may have been the bride's brother, who rode behind her to the church, and whose dagger was used in the assault. There is a little tremor in the bride's signature.

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE TOWER OF WOLF'S CRAG.

CALEB CATERING FOR WOLF'S CRAG.

naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow a passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides by low offices and stables partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower, built of a greyish stone, glimmering in the moonlight like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows successively dashing against a rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye, a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy.

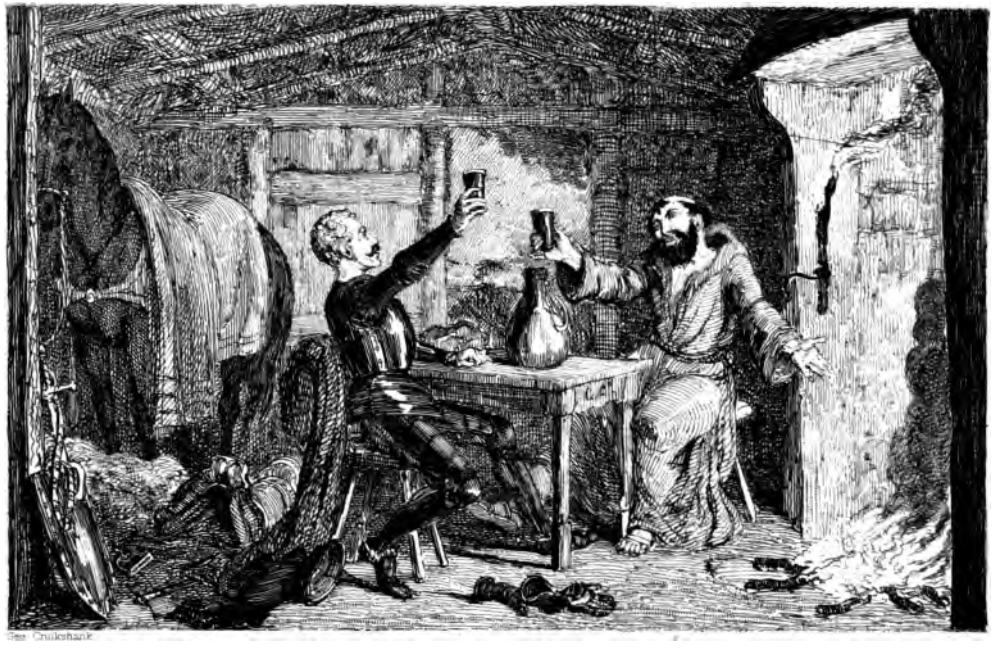
Mr Cruikshank has successfully depicted the humorous spectacle of Caleb Balderstone snatching provisions for his master's table. Dame Lightbody expected a number of guests to the christening of her "bit wean," when Caleb entered. There bubbled on the bickering fire a huge caldron, while before it revolved two spits, one loaded with a quarter of mutton, the other with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. Caleb turned to reconnoitre as the mother and grandmother hastened to attend the hero of the evening in a remote corner. Sending one of the youthful turnspits for "snishing," Caleb, not apprehending danger from the other, lifted up the spit bearing the wild-fowl, put on his hat, and marched off with the plunder. The boy at the spit was so bewildered that he became motionless, and suffered the mutton to burn as black as a coal.

IVANHOE.

IVANHOE (published in December 1819) was Scott's first attempt to depict the manners and incidents of old English life, and the effort was hailed with universal delight. An impression of 12,000 copies was immediately disposed of.

Our first illustration represents Prince John and Rebecca at the Passage of Arms at Ashby. Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung to the arm of her aged father. "The figure of Rebecca might have been compared with the proudest beauties of England. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and showed to advantage by an Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. The turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb circle of her eyebrows, her aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which fell down upon as much of a lovely neck as a simar of rich Persian silk permitted to be visible. All these constituted a combination of loveliness. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, was conspicuous on her bosom. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, another attraction to the quick eye of Prince John." The Prince presented an open set of features, well formed by nature, and accurately moulded by art to the rules of courtesy. His dress was one of the richest splendour, a costly mantle lined with the finest sables fell down from his shoulder or floated in the breeze; maroquin boots with golden spurs adorned his well-formed legs and feet, and the grace with which he managed his palfrey gained him the unlimited applause of the glittering assemblage. Turning towards the gallery to which the Jew and his lovely charge in vain attempted to obtain admission, he gave instructions that both should have a place. "What is she, Isaac, thy wife or thy daughter?" "My daughter Rebecca, so please thy grace." "Daughter or wife,"

PRINCE JOHN & REBECCA AT THE PASSAGE OF ARMS AT ASHBY



THE BLACK KNIGHT & THE CLERK OF COPMANHURST .

replied the Prince, "she shall be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits."

The interview of the Black Knight and the Friar of Copmanhurst is from the pencil of Mr Cruikshank. King Richard, otherwise the Black Sluggard, having extorted the confidence of the jolly hermit, obeyed his command as master of the feast: "Sit down, fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry; fill a flagon; nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine; and I love to feel the grape at my fingers' ends, before they make the harp-strings tickle." The king essayed a ballad, which he had learned in the Holy Land, during which the friar demeaned himself like a first-rate critic at a new opera. When the ballad was ended, the friar took up his harp, and entertained the king with a characteristic song, the concluding stanza of which is deserving of remembrance by brothers of the trade:

> "Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the rope,
> The dread of the devil, and trust of the Pope;
> For to gather life's roses unscathed by the briar,
> Is granted alone to the bare-footed friar."

THE MONASTERY.

AFTER the publication of "Ivanhoe," Scott returned for a time to the illustration of Scottish life. "The Monastery" was published in March 1820, in three duodecimo volumes. Owing to the supernatural element introduced by the White Lady of Avenel, the novel was less successful than its predecessors. It was, however, redeemed from absolute failure through the beautiful descriptions of natural scenery and the striking Scottish manners which it presented.

In the accompanying engraving is represented the Abbey of Melrose amidst the beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded. It is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. The spire of the central tower has disappeared, but the tower itself, eighty-four feet in height, imparts dignity to the structure. The grand east window is of unparallelled beauty and elegance. Gothic pinnacles terminate the principal buttresses, which, with the various windows, are decorated with admirably carved figures and niches richly sculptured. In Melrose Abbey was deposited the heart of King Robert the Bruce, after the unsuccessful attempt to carry it to Palestine.

The absence of Father Eustace, superior of the abbey, who was detained much beyond his accustomed hour of returning home, created alarm among his brethren, and the dependants had all been summoned to assist, with torches, in searching for the venerable man. The shout of joy that was raised as he approached, soon convinced him of the object of the assemblage; and the invitations distributed to the people, to call at the convent kitchen for a "quarter of a yard of roast beef each," demonstrated the esteem in which he was held in the institution.

In our second illustration Herbert Glendinning is presenting the silver bodkin which he received from the White Lady. The production

MONASTERY.

MELROSE ABBEY.

MONASTERY.

Geo Cruikshank.

KNOWEST THOU THEN THIS TOKEN.

of this token has caused the most extraordinary change in the aspect of Sir Piercie Shafton, whose serenity has suddenly become transformed into fury. He has started up, quivering with rage, and in his inflamed and agitated features he resembles a demoniac rather than a mortal under the government of reason. He thrusts both his clenched fists towards Glendinning's face, but the next moment withdraws them, and striking his open palm against his forehead, rushes from the apartment.

THE ABBOT.

THE ABBOT was published in September 1820, as a sequel to "The Monastery," which appeared in the preceding March. According to Mr Lockhart, it arose in Scott's mind during a visit to Blair-Adam. The beautiful localities of that estate are distinctly alluded to, while the virtues of the amiable owner, Mr Chief Commissioner Adam, are admirably portrayed.

In the accompanying illustration, the artist represents an apartment in Holyrood Palace, in which the Regent Murray has just held a meeting of the Privy Council. In the room is a long open table, surrounded by stools of the same wood. In front of a large elbow chair covered with crimson velvet, the Regent is standing. The usher has marshalled Roland Græme into the apartment, and the Regent, who had been laughing with the Lords, now assumed a deep and even melancholy gravity. He was dressed in black velvet after the Flemish fashion, and wore in his high crowned hat a jewelled clasp which looped it up on one side, and formed the only ornament of his apparel. He had his poignard by his side, and his sword lay on the table. Roland presented himself with a feeling of awe, and with an abashed manner placed in his hand the letter of Sir Halbert Avenel. The Earl paused before he broke the silk with which the letter was secured, to ask the page his name, so much was he struck with his handsome features and form.

Mr George Cruikshank depicts the entrance of the Abbot of Unreason to the church of St Mary's. The door was thrown open with a shout which brought up the Abbot and his brethren, when the Abbot of Unreason entered. Then was a scene of ridiculous confusion. Boys shrieked and howled; men laughed and hallooed; women giggled and screamed; and the beasts roared; and the dragon walloped and hissed; and the hobby-horse neighed, pranced, and capered; and the

HOLYROOD PALACE:- THE REGENT MURRAY & ROLAND GRÆME.

THE ABBOT OF UNREASON.

rest frisked and frolicked, clashing their hob-nailed shoes against the pavement till it sparkled with the marks of their energetic caprioles. The Abbot seemed at a stand. He made a gesture of his hand as if commanding silence, which was at first only replied to by redoubled shouts and peals of laughter.

KENILWORTH.

MR CONSTABLE requested that Sir Walter would introduce Queen Elizabeth in his next romance as a companion to Mary Stuart of the Abbot. The great novelist consented, and having selected that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester opened to her husband's ambition the way to sharing a crown, gave to his romance the name of "Kenilworth." It was published in January 1821, in three volumes, and at once excited the deepest interest. "Kenilworth," writes Mr Lockhart, "continues, and I doubt not, will ever continue, to be placed in the very highest rank of prose fiction. The rich variety of character and scenery and incident in this novel has never indeed been surpassed, nor, with the one exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' has Scott bequeathed us a deeper and more affecting tragedy than that of Amy Robsart." Refering to his materials for the novel, Sir Walter writes in 1831: "The reader will find I have borrowed several incidents, as well as names, from 'Ashmole's Antiquities,' and the more early authorities; but my first acquaintance with the history was through the more pleasing medium of verse. There is a period in youth when the mere power of numbers has a more strong effect on ear and imagination, than in more advanced life. At this season of immature taste the author was greatly delighted with the poems of Mickle and Langhorne, poets who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of their art, were eminent for their powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry. One of those pieces of Mickle, which the author was particularly pleased with, is a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall, which, with others by the same author, were to be found in Evans's 'Ancient Ballads' (vol. iv., p. 130), to which work Mickle made liberal contributions."

Among the sports at Kenilworth got up to entertain Queen Elizabeth, was a mock battle between the English and the Danes, somewhat resembling the ancient hocktide play. On a preconcerted signal

KENILWORTH.

THE MOCK BATTLE.

KENILWORTH.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET TRESSILIAN & WAYLAND SMITH.

the combatants engaged, but the concussion was less violent than had been anticipated. This was not owing to any apprehension of each other, but to the fear of being pushed into the lake. When the battle raged furiously the former precaution was neglected, and the pressure causing the railings to yield, many were precipitated into the water. This scene is depicted in the accompanying illustration.

In his etching Mr Cruikshank represents a stirring incident in the novel. Wayland Smith and Tresilian, being now partners in a serious adventure, the former consented to abandon for a season his mysterious forge; but scarcely had he done so, when Flibbertigibbet entered the dark tenement, and employed the combustibles he found there to blow up the cave. He had hinted at his mischievous intentions as Tresilian and Wayland were mounting their horses, but when the former attempted to catch, and compel him to speak less mystically, the urchin fled with a velocity almost preternatural, and baffled the best efforts of his pursuers.

THE PIRATE.

BY his four novels, published between December 1819, and January 1821, Sir Walter had realised at least £10,000, while £5000 additional were paid him by Constable and Co. for the remainder of these copyrights. The "Pirate" appeared in December 1821, and in the words of Mr Lockhart, "the wild freshness of its atmosphere, the beautiful contrast of Minna and Brenda, and the exquisitely-drawn character of Captain Cleveland, found a reception which they deserved."

In the accompanying illustration, Norna has arrived at the spot where the shipwrecked seaman had been cast, just in time to restore suspended animation, and to protect him from plunder. Assisted by Mordaunt she raised the pirate's head to enable him to disgorge the sea water; but while her kind services were in progress, Bryce Snailsfoot, the pedlar, exhibited symptoms of dishonesty, by commencing to remove the pirate's finger-rings, while he cast an avaricious glance towards the chest. Of the latter the contents were plain and lace ruffled shirts, a silver compass, a silver hilted sword, and other valuable articles which the pedlar knew would stir in the trade. From his villainy Bryce was deterred by the menaces of Norna, which were scarcely uttered before the voices of approaching *wreckers* fell upon her ear. But her vigorous determination, and the superstitious influence which she exercised over the islanders, enabled her to save both the life and the property of Cleveland.

The second illustration represents "Norna Despatching the Provisions." The attendants of Magnus Troil had just laid out the cold collation which they had brought with them, and were about to take seats at the table, when Norna, seizing one article after another, flung them out of the window into the sea which foamed below; hams and pickled beef flew into the empty space, smoked geese were returned to

THE PIRATE.

SUMBURGH HEAD, FROM JARLSHOF, SHIPWRECK OF CLEVELAND.

NORNA DISPATCHING THE PROVISIONS.

the air, and cured fish to their native element. With some difficulty the Udaller rescued his silver drinking-cup from the destroyer's hands. What occasioned Magnus the deepest chagrin was to find his brandy flask, first in the possession of the dwarf Pacolet, and afterwards in its passage through the window, an event which was attended by a fiendish grin on the part of Norna's attendant.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

THIS highly interesting and popular romance was published on the 30th May 1822. Next day Constable wrote from London to the author as follows: "I learn with astonishment, but not less delight, that the press is at work again. A new novel, from the author of Waverley, puts aside—in other words, puts down for the time—every other literary performance. The smack 'Ocean,' by which the new work was shipped, arrived at the wharf on Sunday; the bales were got out by *one* on Monday morning, and before half-past *ten* o'clock, 7000 copies had been dispersed from 90 Cheapside."* Though chiefly connected with the fortunes of George Heriot, the benevolent Scottish jeweller, who founded the Hospital at Edinburgh which bears his name, the novel fully depicts the habits of English court life during the reign of James I. The character of that weak and vacillating prince, and the corrupt manners which he introduced or countenanced, are skilfully set forth.

The accompanying illustration represents the meeting of King James and Nigel Olifaunt. When the king had leisure to take a view of his new companion, he exclaimed, "Ye are nane of our train, man; in the name of God, what are ye?" "If your majesty will look on me," said Nigel, "you will see one whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never occur again." The king looked—his face became pale—he dropped the *couteau de chasse* from his hand, and exclaimed, "Glenvarlochides, as sure as I am christened James Stuart: this is a bonnie spot of work, and me alone and on foot too!" The prince meanwhile came up, and seeing Nigel, thus accosted him, "Sir, you knew yourself to be accused of a heavy offence, and instead of rendering yourself up to justice, you are found intruding yourself upon his majesty's presence, and armed with unlawful weapons." "Hear me, hear me, noble prince!" said Nigel, eagerly, "hear me; you—even you

* Constable's London Agents, Messrs Hunt, Robertson, & Co., had their premises in Cheapside.

KING JAMES, PRINCE CHARLES & NIGEL.

THE CITIZEN & THE SOLDIER .

yourself—may one day ask to be heard, and in vain." "How am I to construe that, my lord?" said the prince, haughtily. "If not on earth, sir," replied the prisoner, "yet to heaven we must all pray for patient and favourable audience." "Well, sir," said the prince, "we will ourselves look into your case."

Mr Cruikshank represents the encounter between the citizen and the soldier. The citizen took his ground in the midst of the bowling alley, brandishing his blade, as if he were to measure cambric with it; while the captain stood at the distance of twelve paces, having looked over his shoulder to secure a retreat. Perceiving that the man of war did not advance, the citizen rushed at him, beat down his guard, and thrust, as it seemed, his sword clean through his body, when he, with a deep groan, fell lengthwise on the ground. A score of voices exclaimed to the conqueror, as he stood utterly overcome by his own feat, "Away with you! Fly to Whitefriars', while we keep off the constables." While the hero was flying with all speed, they raised the fallen swordsman, and opening his vest to search for a wound which did not exist, he suddenly recovered his senses; and concluding "that the ordinary was no longer a place or stage on which to display his valour, took to his heels, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the assemblage."

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

SCENES and events in old English life again employed the pen of the great novelist. The reign of Charles II. was the period of his present narrative. It was composed hastily, and in the opinion of many was not equal to his powers. "Peveril of the Peak," writes Mr Lockhart, "appeared in January 1823. Its reception was somewhat colder than that of its three immediate predecessors. . . . . Fenella was an unfortunate conception. What is good in it is not original, and the rest extravagantly absurd and incredible. Yet did any dramatist ever produce, in spite of all the surrounding bewilderment, characters more powerfully conceived, or on the whole more happily portrayed, than those of Christian, Bridgenorth, Buckingham, and Chiffinch?—sketches more vivid than those of young Derby, Colonel Blood, and the keeper of Newgate?"

Our artist depicts the departure of the Countess of Derby from Peveril's Castle. The sounds "boot and saddle" rang through the halls of the castle, and in a few minutes the deep dell which separated the rugged rocks of that wild district was occupied with Peveril's followers proceeding cautiously to escort the Countess to the Cheshire border. A party of troopers in advance was followed by the main body which accompanied the Countess, mounted on Peveril's palfrey, along with a groom of approved fidelity, and attended by the Knight of the Peak with three files of horsemen. Dreading pursuit, they rode "with the beard on the shoulder," looking round from time to time at the sound of any unusual noise.

Mr Cruikshank represents the encounter between the dishonest Chiffinch and Peveril and Lance his pursuers. Chiffinch, in full presumption of his security, was riding along leisurely with his prize, when Peveril and Lance reached a solitary part of the road, where neither man nor woman were in sight. Lance then pushed forward

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY QUITTING PEVERIL CASTLE.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

PEVERIL & CHIFFINCH.

with so much alacrity that he was between the courtier and his attendant, and had actually upset the Frenchman and his horse before any effort could be made to resist him. Julian* snatched the bridle of Chiffinch's horse with one hand, and presented at him a pistol with the other. "Rogue," cried Chiffinch, "take my purse, do me no harm, and spare the spices." "Master Chiffinch," said Peveril, "give me back that packet which you stole from me the other night, or I will send a brace of balls through you, and search for it at leisure" The tone of Peveril's voice, and the closeness of his pistol, convinced Chiffinch that an immediate delivery was necessary; thrusting his hand into a side-pocket, he brought out the object of Peveril's pursuit. By presenting the butt-end of his whip *à la militaire*, Lance pinned his enemy to the ground, where he lay on his back imploring mercy.

* When, in 1821, Charles Mayne Young, the eminent tragedian, was on a visit to Edinburgh, he waited on Sir Walter at his residence in Castle Street. He was accompanied by his son Julian, then a youth. After warmly shaking hands with the tragedian, Sir Walter laid his hand gently on his son's shoulder, and asked his Christian name. As soon as he heard it he exclaimed, "Why, who is he called after?" "It is a fancy name *in memoriam* of his mother, compounded of her two names, Julia Anne," said Mr Young. "It's a capital name for a novel," responded Sir Walter. In his next novel, Peveril of the Peak, the hero's name was Julian.—*Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, by Julian Charles Young, M.A.* London, 1871.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

IN his next adventure, Sir Walter took a wider field. In the romance of "Quentin Durward," which appeared in June 1823, he portrayed characters and events connected with the history and times of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold. "The sensation," writes Mr Lockhart, "which this novel, on its first appearance, created in Paris, was extremely similar to that which attended the original 'Waverley' in Edinburgh, and 'Ivanhoe' afterwards in London. For the first time, Scott had ventured on foreign ground; and the French public, long wearied of the pompous tragedians and feeble romancers, who had alone striven to bring out the ancient history and manners of their country, were seized with a fever of delight. . . . Germany had been fully awake to his merits years before, but the public there also felt their sympathies appealed to with hitherto unmatched strength and effect. The infection of admiration ran far and wide on the Continent, and soon reacted most potently on Britain."

The accompanying illustration represents one of the most stirring scenes in the novel. Louis of Bourbon, Bishop of Liege, having accused De la Marck of sacrilege, and advised him to array himself in sackcloth and ashes, and proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, the rage of the tyrant rose gradually with the admonitions of the priest, until he at length determined upon vengeance. Raising himself in his chair as Louis ceased, he looked to Nickel Blok, and lifted his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the shambles, and the murdered Bishop sunk at the foot of the Episcopal throne.

Mr Cruikshank is in his element in describing Cardinal Balue's predicament at the boar hunt. While the Cardinal was in conversation with the king, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, set off at an uncontrollable gallop, leaving the king and Dunois far behind. The limbs of the quadruped, no way under the rider's control, fly at such

MURDER OF THE BISHOP OF LIEGE.

CARDINAL BALUE AT THE BOAR HUNT.

a rate as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost, while the cardinal's body, instead of sitting upright, hangs crouched on the back of the animal, representing a picture sufficiently ludicrous. His short violet-coloured gown, which he used as a riding-dress, his scarlet stockings, and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, impart infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

ST RONAN'S WELL.

IN the romance which followed "Quentin Durward," Sir Walter resumed his illustration of the manners of his own country. "St Ronan's Well" appeared in December 1823, and in this novel he, for the first time, adventured on the representation of contemporaneous history. In England, its reception was cold; but Scottish readers maintained that Meg Dods and Clara Mowbray were among the best creations of the "Unknown." At Innerleithen, the scene of the novel, there was great rejoicing, the inhabitants proposing to drop its old name, and substitute that of St Ronan's.

In our first illustration, our artist represents the meeting of Tyrrel and Clara Mowbray. "She pulled up the reins, and stopped as if arrested by a thunderbolt. 'Clara!' 'Tyrrel!' These were the only words that were exchanged between them until Tyrrel, moving his feet as slowly as if they had been lead, began gradually to diminish the distance which lay betwixt them. . . . 'Surely you need not come,' said Clara, 'either to renew your own unhappiness or to augment mine.' 'To augment yours—God forbid!' answered Tyrrel. 'No; I came hither only because, after so many years of wandering, I longed to revisit the spot where all my hopes lay buried.' 'Ay, buried is the word,' she replied; 'crushed down and buried when they budded fairest. I often think of it, Tyrrel; and there are times when—Heaven help me!—I can think of little else. Look at me; you remember what I was; see what grief and solitude have made me.' She flung back the veil which surrounded her riding-hat, and which had hitherto hid her face. It was the same countenance which he had formerly known in all the bloom of early beauty; but though the beauty remained, the bloom was fled for ever. Not the agitation of exercise—not that which arose from the pain and confusion of this unexpected interview—had called to poor Clara's cheek even the momentary semblance of colour. Her complexion was marble-white, like that of the finest piece of statuary"

ST RONAN'S WELL.

CLARA MOWBRAY & TYRREL.

MEG DODS & CAPTAIN MAC-TURK.

With inimitable zest, Mr George Cruikshank has represented the rencontre between Meg Dods and Captain MacTurk. Meg flourished the broom round her head, exclaiming, as the Captain approached, "I ken your errand weel eneugh, and I ken yoursel'; ye are ane of the folk that gang aboot yonder, setting folks by the lugs, as callants set their collies to fecht; but ye shall come to nae lodger o' mine, let-a-be Maister Tirl, wi' ony sic ungodly errand; for I am ane that will keep God's peace and the king's within my dwelling." The apostrophe was followed by another flourish of the broom, which obliged the Captain to retire a few paces, and stand on the defensive.

REDGAUNTLET.

REDGAUNTLET was published in June 1824. The introduction of Prince Charles Edward, amidst the dulness of hopeless fortune and of advancing age, contrasting painfully with his romantic portraiture in "Waverley," considerably affected the popularity of the novel on its first appearance. The characters of Peter Peebles, Nanty Ewart, and Wandering Willie, all so skilfully portrayed, redeemed the work from absolute failure.

The accompanying engraving represents salmon hunting in the Solway. The banks of that great estuary are here bare and exposed, the waters having receded from a large space of sand through which a stream feeble and fordable found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the setting sun, who showed his ruddy front over a huge battlemented wall of crimson and black clouds, resembling some immense Gothic fortress into which the lord of day was descending. At this moment the salmon hunters hastened to the shore, and commenced the ancient sport. They chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with barbed spears—as hunters spearing boars, in the old tapestry. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth the clamorous applause of his companions so repeatedly, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions, both by voice and hand; at which times his gestures were striking, and his voice sounded uncommonly sonorous and commanding."

REDGAUNTLET.

SALMON HUNTING.

DOUGAL MAC-CALLUM & HUTCHEON.

In our second illustration Mr Cruikshank presents the frightful adventure of Hutcheon and Dougal MacCallum in presence of the dead body of Redgauntlet. "When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up got the two old serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw enough at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin! Ower he couped, as if he had been dead. He could not tell how long he lay in a trance at the door; but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was lost ance and aye, but mony a time it was heard at the top of the house on the bartizan and among the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests."

THE BETROTHED.

THE BETROTHED appeared in June 1825 as one of the "Tales of the Crusaders." On account of certain scruples of James Ballantyne and Mr Constable, Sir Walter had nearly consented to cancel the sheets, after the tale, excepting the two last chapters, had been printed off. Subsequently, he consented to prepare the tale of the "Talisman" which might accompany its entrance into the world. Both tales appeared together, and their success left nothing to be desired.

The accompanying illustration represents a striking scene in the novel. While the monk and the Fleming slept soundly under the shade of the battlement, Eveline Berenger could forbear no longer in breaking silence. "Men, my beloved Rose," she said, "are happy; their anxious thoughts were either diverted by toil, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it; they may encounter wounds or death, but women feel a keener anguish than the body knows; and in the gnawing sense of present ill, and fear of future misery, suffer a living death more cruel than that which ends our woes at once." In vain Rose endeavoured to assuage her grief; she answered, "You have a father to fight and watch for you; mine—my kind, noble, and honoured parent, lies dead on yonder field." So saying, she sunk down on the banquette, murmuring to herself, "He is gone for ever!" One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and served at the same time to prop her forehead, while tears, by which she was now relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting.

« HE IS GONE FOR EVER . »

HIGHLAND WIDOW.

HAMISH BEAN & HIS MOTHER.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

THE tale of the "Highland Widow" was included in the first series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." It appeared in November 1827, subsequent to the breaking up of Constable's publishing house.

In the accompanying illustration is presented the striking scene where Hamish Bean Mac Tavish was urged by his mother to fire upon the military party who sought to apprehend him. It was evening; the gigantic shadows of the mountains streamed in darkness towards the east, while their western peaks were still glowing with crimson and gold. From the road which wound round Ben Cruachan, five Highland soldiers were fully visible at the door of the bothy. One walked a little before the others; this was Serjeant Cameron, who called out, "Hamish Bean Mac Tavish, lay down your arms and surrender!" At the door of the bothy Hamish stood like a statue holding his firelock, while his mother standing behind him, and almost driven to frenzy by the violence of her passions, reproached him for want of resolution and faintness of heart. Her words increased the bitter gall which was arising in his spirit, as he saw his late comrades making towards him like hounds towards the stag at bay. "The scourge, the scourge, my son, beware the scourge," whispered the mother. It was enough. Hamish fired his piece, and Serjeant Cameron dropped dead.

THE TALISMAN.

THE TALISMAN was pronounced by James Ballantyne to be so decided a masterpiece that "The Betrothed" might venture abroad under its wing. It relates to that period of the Crusades in which Richard Cœur de Lion evinces his heroism and his cruelty in opposition to the noble qualities of the brave and generous Saladin.

The accompanying illustration represents the scene in which the Knight of the Leopard reluctantly introduces the Baron of Gilsland into his hut. There lay extended his squire under the influence of an Asiatic fever. Having apologised for the homely appearance of the Scottish quarter, he proceeded to inquire after the state of the patient. The person seated beside the sick bed is a Moorish physician whom Saladin had sent to minister to the malady of King Richard, but whom the English distrusted, and first made trial of his sincerity and skill by committing to his care the Squire of Sir Kenneth. As the visitors entered, the invalid had fallen into a refreshing sleep, from which El-Hakim assured them he would awake invigorated.

The chapel scene of Sir Kenneth and the dwarf is admirably hit by Mr Cruikshank. As the knight stood alone in the chapel a shrill whistle rung sharply. It was a sound ill suited to the place, and reminded Sir Kenneth that he should be upon his guard. A creaking sound as of a screw or pulley succeeded, and a light streaming upwards showed that a trap-door had been raised or depressed. In less than a minute a long skinny arm, partly naked, partly clothed in a sleeve of red samite, arose out of the aperture, holding a lamp as high as it could stretch upwards, and the figure to which the arm belonged ascended step by step to the level of the floor. The form and face of the being who thus presented himself were those of a frightful dwarf with a large head, a cap fantastically adorned with three peacock's feathers, a dress

SIR KENNETH, AND THE BARON GILSLAND.

SIR KENNETH & THE DWARFS OF THE CHAPEL.

of red samite, the richness of which rendered his ugliness more conspicuous, distinguished by gold bracelets and armlets, and a white silk sash, in which he wore a gold-hilted dagger. The figure held a broom in his left hand, and with his right moved the lamp over his face and person, illuminating his wild features and misshapen limbs. The dwarf whistled, and a second figure ascended in the same manner as the first. It was a female. Her dress, also of red samite, was fantastically cut and flounced. She also passed the lamp over her face and person, which seemed to rival the male in ugliness. Approaching the knight, they turned the gleam of their lamps upon him, and raised a yelling laugh. Upon his demanding who they were, he was answered—"I am the dwarf Nectabanus;" "and I Guenevra, his lady and his love." "Hush, fools, and begone!" said a voice from the side on which the knight had entered. The dwarfs heard the command, blew out their lights, and left the knight in darkness.

WOODSTOCK.

THE novel of "Woodstock, or, The Cavalier: a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred and Forty-one," was issued in June 1826, and was the last of the compositions which were published under the *nominis umbra* of the Author of "Waverley." It was composed within the space of three months, and immediately realised to the estate of the ingenious author, no less than £8228, less cost of paper and printing the first edition.

The first illustration represents the aged Sir Henry Lee expressing his blessing over the head of King Charles II. It was evident policy in the monarch to recognise those who had been faithful to his family when fortune frowned. The presence of Sir Henry Lee, attended by Bevis, awoke most grateful feelings in the royal breast. Springing from his horse, and hastening to the aged gentleman, whom he prevented from rising to do him homage, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the spectators, he threw himself at his feet, and said—"Bless, father, bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger."

The King returned, joined the cavalcade, and the gorgeous array again put in motion, was followed by the watchful eyes of Alice, and the attendants of Sir Henry, who, on their return, were startled to perceive "that his cheek had assumed an unearthly paleness; that his eyes were closed; that his features expressed a rigidity that was not that of sleep. They had come too late—the light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up, and expired in one exhilarating flash."

Mr Cruikshank admirably portrays Mr Holdenough's triumph over the military intruder. Holdenough was in the act of ascending the steps of the pulpit when one of the soldiers seized him by the cloak saying, "Is it your purpose to hold forth to these good people?" "Ay, marry is it," said the clergyman, "let me not in my labour." But the

KING CHARLES & SIR HENRY LEE.

MASTER HOLDENOUGH INTERRUPTED IN HIS VOCATION.

man of war being himself minded to address the congregation, Mr Holdenough called out—"Give place, thou man of Satan; respect mine order—my cloth." The soldier protested that he perceived no more to respect in the cut of Mr Holdenough's cloak than he did in the bishop's rochets—*they* were black and white; *his*, blue and brown. Mr Holdenough, finding the enemy incorrigible, called out—"Master Mayor of Woodstock, wilt thou be amongst those wicked magistrates, who bear the sword in vain? Citizens, will you not help your pastor? Worthy Alderman, will you see me strangled on the pulpit-stairs by this man of buff and Belial? But, lo! I will overcome him, and cast his cords from us." As he thus spoke, he dexterously slipped the string which fastened his cloak round his neck, so that the garment suddenly gave way, and the soldier, who had a tenacious grasp of it, fell backwards, down the steps of the pulpit; while the divine skipped actively up, and immediately gave forth a psalm of triumph.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH was published in April 1828, and became popular at once; it commenced a second series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." The narrative is founded upon an interesting event in Scottish history. Two clans who were at variance deputed thirty champions to fight out a quarrel of old standing in the presence of King Robert III., his brother the Duke of Albany, and the whole Scottish Court, at Perth, in the year 1396. Two characters in the novel, the glee-maiden and Conachar are regarded as among Scott's very best conceptions.

The accompanying illustration represents an interesting scene. The Fair Maid and the Carthusian monk are seated at the foot of Kinnoul hill, which commands the beautiful vale of the Tay. The monk, who wore his white gown and scapular, sat for some time with his eyes fixed on the glorious prospect, of which even the early and chilly season could not conceal the beauties. At length he addressed his proselyte: "When I behold this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my danghter, whether most to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of His bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers." "Yet surely, my father, there is room for comfort," replied Catherine. "Yonder four goodly convents, and their inhabitants, who have separated themselves from the world for the service of Heaven, bear witness that if Scotland be a sinful land, she is yet sensible to the claims of religion." "Verily, daughter," answered the priest, "what you say seems truth, but it is to be feared that the love of many has waxed cold."

Painted by A. Chisholm. Engraved by F. Lightfoot.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH & CARTHUSIAN MONK.

THE REVELLERS.

The second illustration is from the pencil of Cruikshank. The common people had throughout the day toiled and struggled at football. The usual revels had taken place, and the carnival was closing quietly in general, but in some places the sport was still kept up. One company of revellers seemed unwilling to conclude their frolic. The Entry, as it was called, consisted of thirteen persons, habited in the same manner, having doublets of chamois leather sitting close to their bodies, curiously slashed and laced. They wore green caps with silver tassels, red ribands, and white shoes, had bells hung at their knees and around their ankles, and naked swords in their hands. This gallant party, having exhibited a sword-dance before the king, with much clashing of weapons, and fantastic interchange of postures, went on gallantly to repeat their exhibition before the door of Simon Glover, where, having made a fresh exhibition of their agility, they caused wine to be served round to their own company and the bystanders, and with a loud shout drank to the health of the Fair Maid.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, or the "Maiden of the Mist" was published in May 1829. "It may," writes Mr Lockhart, "be almost called the last work of Scott's imaginative genius, and it was received at least as well (out of Scotland, that is), as the 'Fair Maid of Perth' had been, or indeed as any novel of his after the Crusaders. I partake very strongly, I am aware, in the feeling which most of my own countrymen have little shame in avowing, that no novel of his where neither scenery nor character is Scottish, belongs to the same pre-eminent class with those in which he paints and peoples his native landscape. I have confessed that I cannot rank even his best English romances with such creations as 'Waverley' and 'Old Mortality;' far less can I believe that posterity will attach similar value to this Maid of the Mist. Its pages, however, display in undiminished perfection all the skill and grace of the mere artist, with occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various plays of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René—

> 'A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety
> Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'"

The first of the accompanying illustrations represents Margaret of Anjou and Arthur Philipson in Strasburg Cathedral. When Philipson, who had been bred a devoted adherent to the dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was a firm supporter, saw the dauntless widow of Henry VI., whose courage and policy had upheld the sinking

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL – MARGARET OF ANJOU & PHILIPSON.

PHILIPSON & THE GERMAN INNKEEPER.

cause of her husband, he threw his bonnet on the pavement and knelt at the feet of the injured Queen. Margaret, throwing back the veil which concealed her majestic features, gave one hand to the young knight, who covered it with tears and kisses, and with the other endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed.

The second illustration represents "Philipson and the German Innkeeper." Philipson inquired for the landlord, and was answered by a finger pointed towards a recess behind the great stove, where, veiled in his glory, the monarch obscured himself from vulgar gaze. He was short, stout, bandy-legged, and consequential; his countenance and manner differing from the merry host of England or of France. Philipson was too well acquainted with German customs to expect the suppliant qualities of a French mâitre d' hotel, or the frankness of an English landlord; but this man's brow was a tragic volume; his answers were short and repulsive; and the tone as sullen as the tenor.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.

THE "Surgeon's Daughter" was published in 1827, in the second series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." The first plate represents Julia de Moncada and her father. "Follow me, gentlemen," said Gideon, "and you shall see the young lady." And then, his strong features working with emotion at anticipation of the distress which he was about to inflict, he led the way up the small staircase, and, opening the door, said to Moncada, who had followed him—"This is your daughter's only place of refuge, in which I am, alas! too weak to be her protector. Enter, sir, if your conscience will permit you." The stranger turned on him a scowl, into which it seemed as if he would willingly have thrown the power of the fabled basilisk. Then stepping proudly forward, he stalked into the room. He was followed by Lawford and Gray, at a little distance. The messenger remained in the doorway. The unhappy young woman heard the disturbance, and guessed the cause too truly. It is possible she might have seen the strangers on their descent from the carriage. When they entered the room, she was on her knees beside an easy-chair. Moncada uttered a single word, but none knew its import. The female gave a convulsive shudder, such as that by which a half-dying soldier is affected on receiving a second wound."

With his wonted humour, Mr Cruikshank has sketched Dr Gideon Gray and the wives of Middlemas. Gideon Gray, surgeon at Middlemas, was a plain, blunt, middle-aged man, with a touch of cynicism about him. Late of an autumn evening, three old women raced towards his door, accompanied by some idle young fellows, who were loudly betting on the winner. "Half-a-mutchkin on Luckie Simson." "Auld Peg Tamson against the field." "Mair speed, Alison Jaup, ye'll tak' the wind out of them yet." "Canny against the hill, lassies, or we may ha'e a burstin' auld carline amang ye." These, and a thousand such

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.

ZELIA DE MONCADA & HER FATHER.

THE MIDDLEMAS WIVES & GIDEON GRAY

gibes, rent the air, without being noticed by the anxious racers, whose object of contention seemed to be which should first reach the doctor's door. Mr Gray, who had just dismounted from a long journey, hastened downstairs, auguring some new occasion for his services. He had just reached the door as Luckie Simson, one of the racers, arrived in the little area before it. She stood, blowing like a grampus, her loose toy flying back from her face, making the most violent efforts to speak, but without the power of uttering a word. Peg Tamson whipped in before her—"The leddy, sir; the leddy!" "Instant help! instant help!" screeched, rather than uttered, Alison Jaup; while Luckie Simson, who had certainly won the race, found words to claim the prize which had set them all in motion—"And I hope, sir, you will recommend me to be the sick-nurse; I was here to bring you the tidings long before ony o' thae lazy queans."

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

IN his "Diary," under February 19th, 1826, Sir Walter thus writes: "Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the 'Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain'—curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. . . . . Still, things occur to one. Something might be made of a tale of chivalry—taken from the passage of arms, which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelvemonth. . . . . This would be light summer work." The suggestion thus obtained Scott did not carry out for some time. In the autumn of 1830, he commenced the romance of "Count Robert of Paris," which was published in November of the following year. During its composition, he gave decided indications of failing energies; his penmanship became shaky, and he misplaced words, but the composition itself presented no trace of decayed intelligence.

In the first illustration is presented the Varangian, or English exile, asleep at the Golden Gate of Constantinople. While the exile lay wrapped in sleep, on the stone benches outside the arch of Theodosius, two women of the humbler class cast their eyes upon him: "Holy Maria!" said one, "if he does not put me in mind of the Eastern tale, how a genie brought a gallant young prince from his nuptial chamber in Egypt, and left him sleeping at the gate of Damascus! I will awake the poor lamb, lest he catch harm from the night-dew." "Harm! replied the older and crosser-looking woman: ay, such harm as the cold water of the Cydnus does to the wild swan. A lamb, forsooth! why, he is a wolf, or a bear, at least a Varangian, and no modest matron would exchange a word with such an unmannered barbarian.

Painted by A. Chisholm. Engraved by F. Lights.

THE VARANGIAN ASLEEP.

BRENHILDA AGELASTES & SYLVAN

The sketch of Brenhilda, Agelastes, and Sylvan, is from the pencil of Mr Cruikshank. Agelastes, after looking with surprise and horror at the figures in the glass, turned round his head to examine the substance, which produced so strange a reflection. The object, however, had disappeared behind the curtain, under which it had probably lain hid; and, after a minute or two, the half-gibing, half-growling countenance showed itself again in the same position in the mirror. "By the gods," exclaimed the philosopher, "it is Sylvan! that mockery of humanity, but who shrinks before a philosopher as ignorance before knowledge." So speaking, he struck the animal a heavy blow; which so enraged him, that he flew on the man of letters, clasped him round the throat, and compressed it until life was extinct.

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